



Nice Peaches or Nectarines, rare ripe  
Plumbs.

**B**ritannia, sons of lovely bloom,  
Outvie the beauties of the Plumb;  
Nor can the Peach's hue compare  
With the ripe blushes of the Fair.  
Yet what avail our bloom or beauty,  
If still regardless of our duty,  
We let the fruitful mind lie fallow?  
Better to be as Gypsey fallow.  
Beauty will seldom be respected  
If useful learning is neglected.